

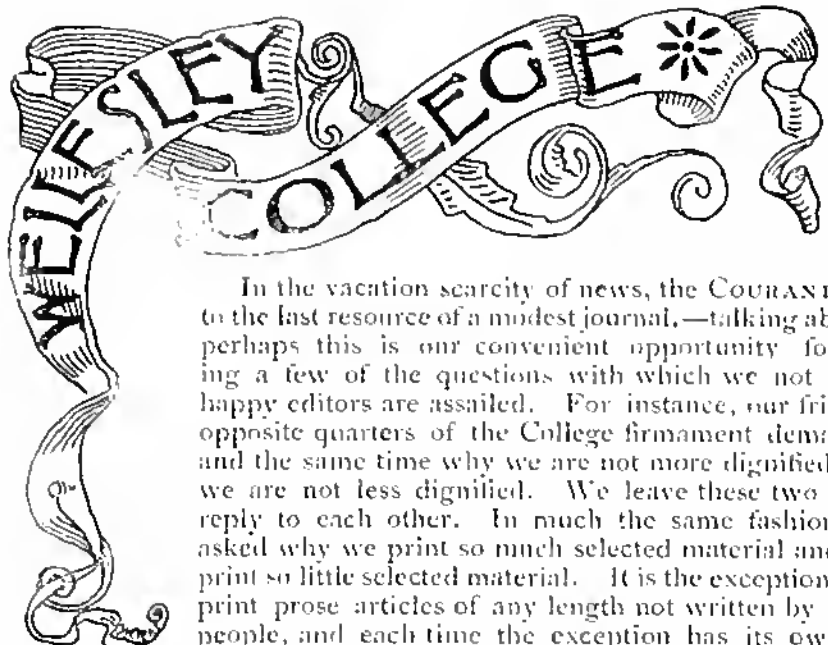
The Courant

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 16.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



In the vacation scarcity of news, the *COURANT* is driven to the last resource of a modest journal,—talking about itself; perhaps this is our convenient opportunity for answering a few of the questions with which we not altogether happy editors are assailed. For instance, our friends from opposite quarters of the College firmament demand at one and the same time why we are not more dignified and why we are not less dignified. We leave these two queries to reply to each other. In much the same fashion, we are asked why we print so much selected material and why we print so little selected material. It is the exception when we print prose articles of any length not written by Wellesley people, and each time the exception has its own reason, which, unless it is self-evident, we try on every such occasion, to give. It is true that we keep in the copy-box a supply of brief general selections upon which our printers draw to fill up those chinks and crevices that will often occur, in spite of the most diligent exercise of the editorial tape-measure, when the paper is being finally made up. We confess, too, that choice poems, whoever the author, know the *Open Sesame* of the *COURANT*. But our prevailing usage is to give very little space in the paper to material which does not possess some peculiar interest for Wellesley readers. For the reprinting of articles published elsewhere by Wellesley graduates and teachers, however, there is a constant call, and our promises here have run far in advance of our performance. Yet none of the promises are forgotten and, if our subscribers will but practise the excellent grace of patience, the desired selections will be forth-coming in course of time. When we know that there is need of haste concerning the re-publication of any article, we are glad to sort the contents of the editorial drawer accordingly.

In regard to our regular columns, *Our Outlook*, *Inter-Collegiate News*, *And Acquaintance*, *The Wide, Wide World*, *College News* and *Dulce*, it is the intention that they shall all appear in every issue of the paper. But often, after an especially festive week, the pressure of reports has crowded out one or more of these. Of late *Dulce* has been several times elbowed into retirement, much to the consternation of our undergraduate subscribers, who fear that we are proposing to do away with their favorite column. On the contrary, this misfortune has come to pass through our appreciation of *Dulce*, in that, by pasting it on the latter end of the proof, we would reserve it for our last sweet taste of *COURANT* literature, on the principle of the solitary raisin in the little boy's piece of cake. But as the hygienic aunt snatched away the raisin, after the youngster had manfully munched his way through the dry crumbs of the cake, so it too often happens that advertisements usurp the space of *Dulce*. We shall attempt, probably by providing *Our Outlook* and *Inter-Collegiate News* with permanent and commodious quarters on the third page, to guard against such disappointments in the future.

We are sometimes taken to task for editing a paper without editorials. This sin of omission does not break our slumbers. For while we fully recognize the value of presenting every week some discussion of topics pertaining to college life, we take no little credit to ourselves for the discovery that this end can be attained more effectively by *leaders*—the Freshmen call them *headers*—than by editorials. We hope it is generally understood by this time among our subscribers that the first article, at least, on the second page usually bears directly upon Wellesley. These articles may come from Faculty, students, Alumnae, friends of the College,—or enemies, for the matter of that,—from anyone whomsoever who has light to throw upon our campus or classrooms, landscape or waterscape, manners or morals. For suggestion, for rebuke, for illumination, for incentive they are profitable. They may render more keen and delicate our perceptions of those beauties of art and nature which glorify our Wellesley days, they may rouse our powers of thought to more alert and vigorous action, kindle our hearts to purer enthusiasms, touch our souls to finer sympathies. They give opportunity for the exercise and the enjoyment of a much-desired mental hospitality. While it is true that in College we live too near together, it is none the less true that we live too far apart. We do not reveal the best of ourselves nor discover the best of those who pass in and out beside us. Undoubtedly every spirit needs her own stronghold of reticence, but we miss much of the noblest stimulus and joy of life, if we are content to stand always in the ante-chambers of one another's acquaintance. Wellesley clocks tick fast, we are scattered under different roofs, in the contact of so many personalities there come times when, too closely pressed upon, we must for the sake of self-preservation wear defensive armor,—all time, yet here is at least one possible chance for that frank and friendly interchange of thought we crave. And then—let us whisper it—we are too feudal a community. What a yawning gulf between Senior and Freshman! Perhaps the dust is good for the Freshmen, but back in the Dark Ages we remember a Senior for whom the pedestal was bad. Yet Alumnae of '79 have been known to work for the Normhoga Fund side by side with Alumnae of '86, almost as if they were contemporaries. But here beside Lake Waban class fences, teacher-and-student fences, professor-and-instructor fences shut us away from one another, doing much to substitute extravagant relations for the simplicity and sincerity of natural friendship. Let us have at least one common meeting-ground where we can chat and tell stories, discuss and disagree, all in equal fellowship. The *COURANT* is only a speaking-trumpet, carrying our voices a little further to those who are glad to hear. You who watched a bird-drama in your woodland walk this morning, you who have a pet project on hand, you who are wise to interpret the magical language of music, you who have garnered a ripper, larger knowledge in far-away fields of culture, you who carry a burden upon the heart for something wrong in our midst which needs sorely to be righted, you who in library or by brookside have chanced to-day upon book-treasure or flower-treasure, share with the rest of us.

What we say of the *leaders* largely applies to the other contributions. The most valuable are the most vital,—those that spring most spontaneously from the individual experience. In regard to these, there have come more questions than we can take time just now to answer. But we will run hastily over a few. Aside from the opening columns of brief reports, we recommend that articles be signed by the actual names of their writers, but we do not insist upon it. If the writer's name is known to any one of the five editors, the other four should the young author so please, are cheerfully content with ignorance. If an article is rejected, it is returned as quietly as possible, usually with explanation and suggestion. Articles are often sent back to their authors for improvement. Slight verbal changes, but these only, are made without consulting the writers. If an article is too long, we do not cut it down, but cut it across,—that is, issue it in installments. An article cannot be too short. Indeed, we are especially pleased to receive paragraphs, questions, pithy sentences. Contributions are welcome from all Wellesley sources. The paper belongs to the Col-

lege, old girls and new, and the more voices, the merrier.

There is one question here, over which, for all our hurry, we must pause a moment. Why do we not print more fiction, narratives, sketches and the like? This conundrum is not such a poser as it seems. Because we do not have them to print. We heartily wish we had. The Wellesley mind seems to be a little solid, a little serious, a little over-weighted with wisdom and virtue. We are only too glad to see our contributors try the prentice hand at song and story, only too eager to encourage the artistic element in writing, the ideal element in thought. When outsiders wish to say something very abusive indeed about Wellesley, they announce that we are practical. Practicality was not found by Dante, as we remember, among the seven deadly sins of the Mount of Expiation, but still, with all reverence for sound scholarship, executive ability and moral earnestness, let us not forget to honor the high gift of the imagination. Wings are swifter than feet, after all. And the *COURANT* is a fine place for fluttering.

The sympathy of the whole College is extended to Miss Aumack and her sister in their grief over the death of their father, Mr. Elijah Aumack, who passed away Dec. 26, at his home in New Jersey.

College Notes.

There are but thirty teachers and students in the College building this week.

Miss Hopkins, daughter of Dr. Mark Hopkins, visited the College Monday.

Miss Florence Driggs, student at Wellesley '82-'85, is spending her vacation at the College.

Miss Mina Rounds and Miss Henrietta Wells, both of '87, made a passing call on their Alma Mater, Wednesday.

Mr. E. H. Barlow, principal of Tilden Seminary, N. H., made a brief visit at the College last week.

On inquiry as to what had constituted the vacation amusements of the past few days at the College, the expectant reporter was informed "musical soires and theological discussions."

Professor Whiting, at last accounts, was still at Heidelberg, studying German and Physics, but she waves back to us the stars and stripes from foreign soil in the announcement that she takes especial pleasure in her newly-made acquaintance,—not Frau This nor Fräulein That, much less, let Wellesley hope, Herr Anybody,—but Mr. Stanley Brown, who once was Mollie Garfield.

Prof. Coman writes from Paris, Dec. 8: "I am just now on the eve of setting out for Munich with Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. There is less time on this side of the Atlantic than at home and the value has risen in proportion to the relative scarcity of the supply."

\$5000 in prizes is offered by the publishers of the *Youth's Companion* for the best short stories. There are three prizes of \$1000 each, three of \$500 each, and three of \$250 each. The publishers will send a circular, on receipt of request enclosing stamp, giving the conditions of the competition.

WELLESLEY WEATHER SUMMARY.

Rainy September,
Rainy October,
Rainy November
Made Wellesley sober.
Oh, but December!
Who can remember
Indian Summer
Such a late comer?

The Wide, Wide World.

Dec. 25.—Panama shareholders pass resolutions in support of De Lesseps. A momentous election campaign in France opens favorably for the Boulangists. News received of the surrender to U. S. war vessels of the Haytian Republic. Marblehead nearly destroyed by fire. Burning of a steamer on the Mississippi; 20 lives lost.

Dec. 26. King Milan consents to relinquish the right to conclude foreign alliance and military contentions. Signor Mancini, formerly Italian minister of foreign affairs, is dead. Express car robbed of a large amount near Clipper, Cal.

Dec. 27. An American vessel suffers outrages at Jamaica. An agreement in regard to slave dealing discovered between the English East Africa company and the Sultan of Zanzibar. Hospital service report that the yellow fever in Florida was imported from Cuba. Trouble threatened at Lamar, Miss., between the whites and the negroes. The legislation of Idaho considering measures looking to the overthrow of Mormon influence in territorial politics.

Dec. 28. Osman Digna is preparing to retreat from Handoub to the Nile. A meeting of 4000 Panama Canal bond holders express mistaken confidence in De Lesseps and the Canal. E. W. Howland, an American, murdered in Mexico. Illegal oyster dredgers of Chesapeake Bay reported to be at work again.

Dec. 29. Gladstone's seventy-ninth birthday. Probability of a violent dispute between France and England over the lobster fisheries. The American government demands \$2,100,000 for the illegal seizure of the Haytian Republic.

Dec. 30. More evictions in Ireland. Heavy rains cause much damage in the vicinity of Toulon, France. The Emperor of Russia, for the first time in many years, sends a friendly Christmas greeting to the Pope. The Portuguese government has notified the German government of the blockade of the entire east coast of Africa. A socialistic labor meeting in Chicago.

Dec. 31. Two Italian engineer officers in the disguise of stone-masons arrested at Ivan-Gorod. During the year 1888, 383,595 immigrants have landed at Castle Gardens, an increase of 1,977 over last year. Decrease of \$15,000,000 in public debt this month.

Our Outlook.

A Woman's League has been formed in New Orleans. One of its object is to look in a large and practical way after the interests of women, as how they are treated in asylums, prisons, stores, station-houses, etc.

The "School for the Technical Training for Gentlewomen" opened in London by Miss Forsyth last winter, has begun its second year auspiciously. The course comprises instruction in dressmaking, cookery, millinery, upholstering, household management, domestic economy, clear starching and fine laundry work, book-keeping, hygiene, elocution, finance and investment of money.

The Boston City Council has been considering whether or not to provide separate polling-places for women to vote for school committee. They

have decided that it is necessary. The board of aldermen are directed by statute to select the most public, orderly and convenient portion of the district for a polling-place, and cause it to be properly fitted up and prepared. Women voted at all the ordinary polling-places at the recent election without meeting with any disrespect, and the civilizing influence of their presence was very apparent. One of the good things that George William Curtis predicted many years ago as likely to result from woman suffrage, was that the polls would become pleasanter places for respectable men. "No decent man," said Mr. Curtis, "wishes to cast his vote in a bar-room, or to have his head broken while doing it." Now that women vote, the aldermen will be less likely than before to select a saloon as "the most orderly and convenient portion of the district for a polling-place."

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

After laying their Psychology papers at the appointed place, at the appointed moment, the Waban girls cremated their original manuscripts with the following dirge: "Chant slowly!"

Dewey, now we lay thee low,
For thou hast made us so;
Oft hast filled our hearts with woe—
Psychi-oli-ogi-o!

Chorus: Groans.

First stanza repeated ad infinitum.

'Twas the night before vacation, a moment before the Shakespeare Society was called to order.

"I am about to cast aside the garments of thought," sighed the Secretary, but evidently from her next remark she meant to keep back a portion.

"Oh! dear, will you ask Sarah to return the 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought' I loaned her some time ago?"

The Shakespeare class was surprised recently on finding their accustomed place occupied by a History division, who, notwithstanding all entreaties, were firm in maintaining their position until Professor Hodgkins appeared, and said in cheery tone: "We are sorry to ask you to leave, Girls!" The invaders "terga verterunt," but not too soon to hear the opening words of the recitation: "We have given our play a *historical turn*, this morning, young Ladies."

The black Geometry globe was lifted to one side to make room for two very dignified Seniors as they advanced to represent the scene between Juliet and her nurse. All was going well until, without warning, the door burst open, and two Freshmen, not included in the "Dramatis Personae," took the floor. They said nothing. Perhaps they were stage-struck. One solemn moment they stood before the speechless Seniors. Then, with one eye still fastened on the Seniors and the other directed toward the globe, they lifted the big black ball, and bore it away without a word. The class sighed. Was it from the feeling that the weight of the earth had been lifted from them, or that the Freshmen hereafter must sustain that heavy burden?

It would be well for the students in Psychology to take the front seats, as Miss Case declares her power of teaching is inversely proportional to her distance from the class.

THE COURANT. COLLEGE EDITION.

Terms for the College Year, . . . \$1.50.

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MISS M. F. FISK.

COLLEGE CULTURE AND ITS RELATION TO SOCIETY.

PROFESSOR STRATTON.

The advent of the college-bred woman into the complex life of our times is one of the interesting features of the latter half of this century. But it is not to be expected that she should at once and with absolute ease settle into the grooves of this life and satisfy all who come in contact with her. Certainly it cannot be expected when we remember that many of the problems concerning education are only partially solved, and that society in our country has not attained that permanency which exists in older civilizations. It is not strange, then, that the college woman is called narrow by some, fit only for scholastic halls, knowing Greek, but ignorant of all practical matters; that she is considered pedantic by others, her crown as the gracious queen of society lost; and that she is gazed at curiously by still others, who supposing her to be the treasure-house of all wisdom stare in undisguised surprise if her knowledge be not adequate to every occasion.

On the other hand, the young woman fresh from her college training looks out upon the life before her with mingled feelings. Sometimes she gazes with half scorn, half pity upon the Vanity Fair at her door; sometimes she becomes restless and is not content with quiet surroundings and now and then one fails entirely to adapt herself to the conditions of the new life. Mistakes are doubtless made, but is it true that after leaving college halls, the college girl does not feel at home, and finds herself with the few on one side of a gulf which cannot be bridged. Has the training of four years served to unfit her for the life without, of which she must be a part? Or is she not more amply equipped for the duties that confront her, and will she not more easily adjust herself by virtue of her training to the varied demands made upon her?

If society is not yet entirely accustomed to her presence, does it not remain with her to justify herself to society? Society is calling loudly, though somewhat inarticulately, for the very qualities she is supposed to possess. The America of to-day with its pressing needs on every side—in drawing-room and in kitchen, in the city and in the country—is seeking and drawing to its aid the trained facilities of the far-seeing and well-disciplined mind. Into the most remote village nestling among the mountains of New England; in the dreary mining town of the distant Rockies; through the isolated hamlet of the newly awakening South the voices of our time send their echoes and men and women are needed to interpret them aright. It may be that the methods of college training are faulty; that educators themselves do not fully understand the problems before them, and that the next generation will be far better equipped for service than is the present; but that the college woman of to-day is appointed to be one of the agencies for the true interpretation of these voices who can doubt?

That there is a reason for this assumption will be more clearly seen, when we consider what the higher education is doing for scores of young women drawn from almost every grade of society. Four years are spent at a time when the young girl is gaining her first intelligent views of what lies beyond her immediate experience. In all probability her range has been exceedingly narrow, her conceptions vague and she comes into her new field with bewildered gaze. But as she advances step by step the haze clears away, her vision widens and she begins to understand something of the meaning of life. She becomes aware of the extent of her possessions and through the discipline of her studies in the classics, the sciences, in history and literature her mind grasps the unseen and eternal. More and more able to estimate things at their proper value, to separate the wheat from the chaff, she learns to invest life with its true dignity and carries within herself the sources of her joy and power. It is possible that in the hurry of daily life the student may not be able to meditate much on all these things. She may not be capable of formulating her thoughts in a satisfactory manner, but deep in her being there exists the consciousness that her whole outlook is higher, wider, grander. Whereas she once dwelt in a valley, she now has gained a hill-top, and knows she will not be content to rest there.

In the world at large, life means to one the daily grind of earning bread for daily needs; to another the fruitless search for pleasure, and to still another a fine house and a position in society. The material side of existence absorbs thought and energy, and the value of most things is tested by the question of how they will contribute to this or that material gain. In the presence of all this it is not easy to keep uppermost the spiritual side and to hold aloft the light which illumines every true life. One's perceptions of the truth become dim, and that which is enduring is sacrificed to the expediency of the hour.

But the college woman has been at the sources of the wisdom of the ages and cannot fail to gain something like a clear conception of the real value of the material and the spiritual. She has been taught to believe in knowledge for its own sake, and has been encouraged to seek a generous culture not for what it will bring but for what it is in itself. I do not say that she has compassed the whole art of living. What young person of twenty-three has? But the years of discipline give her the true conception, inspire her with a well-directed purposes and this is an equipment in itself.

Our college graduate then, who entered college halls with trembling feet and few clearly defined ideas has learned, if she has used her opportunities wisely, something of the scope and meaning of life; knows, in some measure, what is worthy to exist for the convenience of the hour and what is of lasting value; and understands how to bring to her daily need those sources of abiding joy and those elements of steady growth that are not dependent on satins or china, on fine houses or elegant appointments.

She enters society and finds a thousand details to be met, and a thousand queries arise as to the way she shall meet them. But the great law of life which she has learned has no less a place there, than it had in her college days. All details, great and small, more and more take their true place, and she meets the vexations and the difficulties which come to her, knowing that the nobler the conception of life, the more complex are its problems; the more extended the view, the greater need of patient endeavor. If the college woman can bring into the fever of life the broad outlook, the serene quietude of one who has learned to look through things, not merely at them, society will exercise its right to question her, but it will quickly welcome her and its queen she shall be.

I am aware that those who judge life solely from a utilitarian point of view may consider this endowment far from practical, and will send back the reply "This is all very well, but can she cook a dinner; can she preside gracefully in the drawing-room?" I believe society no longer thinks that the woman who knows Greek cannot cook a dinner, but society has not yet entirely recovered from the demonstration. It is still a little credulous on the subject, and whispers, where it formally proclaimed aloud, that a girl who is not to teach has no need of mathematics. It is here again that year by year the college woman is justifying herself to society. She is proving that the well-trained woman whose head has been made to serve her hand is as much more valuable, as a member of the community, as skilled labor is always of more value than unskilled labor. At a period when habits are formed and tend to permanency, the young girl is given four years of discipline that has for its chief characteristic the regular and systematic performance of duty. In our modern methods of education this training is varied. The eye, the hand, the memory, the reasoning faculties are all in active exercise. The student is obliged to put many questions to the test, and to seek conclusions from premises she has herself established. Through many failures the work of development goes on and each year adds to the grasp of mind, and the ease with which tasks are performed.

The young girl learns promptness, and if there is one so unfortunate as to be unable to learn to be prompt, that one does not fail to appreciate the value of promptness. She learns how to manage her time to the best advantage, and to meet the many demands made upon her. She comes to understand what women so frequently never adequately comprehend; that every effect has a cause, and that it is in her power to adopt the means used to the end in view. Everything, in the laboratory, in the demonstration of problems, in tracing the progress of nations—teaches her to avoid hasty conclusions, based on insufficient evidence. She has been taught to weigh matters before reaching a decision, to advance reasons and then make a choice. The results of such training are the orderly mind, the highest amount of working power. That these results are not accomplished in every case is too true. That would be too much to expect. But I should say, that if a girl goes through her college course, careless and slovenly in her methods of reading and study, inconsequent illogical in thought, such she will be to the end of her life. Nothing can save her.

With the habits formed from such training the college woman becomes a working member of the community in which she lives. Society may at first look curiously, may even indulge in a kindly jest, but society is ready for such trained powers. There is no spot far or near, high or low, where they may not find a place, for the skilled laborer can adapt

herself to the work in hand. The woman who has possession of herself and can use to the best advantage the facilities given her, need never fear that there will be no corner in which to do her work. She brings to the kitchen or the drawing-room, to the schoolroom or to the sick bed the quiet assurance born of educated powers.

All this tends to make her self-reliant, but does it make her modest society asks. It teaches her how to apply herself to the task before her, but does it lead her to be generous, tolerant, sympathetic? I have sometimes thought that in these particulars the college life fails. The young girl has learned to be critical, can she readily put herself in another's place and see with another's eyes? Does she sometimes forget that her neighbor has a different outlook, and does she fail to recognize truth in new and strange forms? She has lived in a community where, with all its diversity, there is a common aim; she goes to one where is constantly seen the conflicting interests of opposing aims, and at first she may be inclined to act as censor. If there is a fault in this direction the college women themselves will seek and find a remedy, for they know that modesty is not inconsistent with self-reliance and that a genuine sympathy may go alongside accuracy and precision.

The college training then gives to its young women a nobler and truer conception of life; systematic discipline which tends to develop the highest amount of working power, and thus lays the foundation for the most useful service in the world. Society does not always clearly comprehend its own needs but so far as it does understand them, it knows that the women who possess such qualities are best fitted to meet the duties of the hour. The young graduate may then be truly grateful for the criticism of the outside world, since criticism is wholesome to one who is alive, and since there is no lack of opportunity given her to test her powers. The conditions for the greatest possible incentive to the noblest aims and the best work exist all about her, and anything less than these defrauds society of what it has a right to expect that for which it earnestly calls.

At Evening.

M. D. E. LAUDERBURN, '90.

Asneath the heavens in the eve I mused
With thoughts of twilight and the coming night,
A sudden through the branches of an elm
The glory of the West burst on my sight.
All framed in gnarled branches, curious-shaped
Each bit of gleaming sky apart enshrined,
As if the splendid glory of the whole
Were too effulgent for poor human kind.
Ah so, I pondered, while we walk below
We cannot have the glory of the Lord
As our transcendent vision, but apart
In glimpses, framed about with dark discord.
The little daily burdens of our life,
The petty strifes and doubtings that oppress
Must come between us and the glorious light
And intercept the vision that would bless.

CAP AND GOWN.

MARY BARROWS, '90.

More than forty years ago, a poet who prophesied the failure of a college education for women, clad his heroines in the scholastic garb of cap and gown. It must be granted that he had sufficient grace to exchange the midnight shades of the mediæval schoolmen for the glory of the sunset clouds; but notwithstanding the charming prettiness of the life pictured for this feminine University, a failure was the necessary result of the false principles upon which the college was based.

That idea of college life which separates the students and their interests from outside life, has been laid aside, outgrown. Why then should we wish to assume the badges of that student caste? It is time for caps and gowns to be thrown off together with the narrower ideas whose exponent they were.

But it is only fair to consider what are the reasons which call forth an affirmative answer to the more personal application of the question—Shall college girls wear the cap and gown? Probably one of the strongest of these reasons is that the adoption of this costume would take away the opportunity for extravagance or display in dress; and would remove at the same time, any occasion for dissatisfaction on the part of those who may be unable to dress as they wish, or undue feelings of an opposite character on the part of those whose means enable the satisfaction of their taste. If such feelings exist, it is not likely that they will be removed by being cloaked for a season. Either they will appear in other forms, in spite of their wrappings, or at the end of the college course, they will be free to act. And perhaps it is better that the two extremes of pride should meet in college life, than later; for in college there is more hope of gaining a sensible mean.

In regard to the extravagant display—it is true that sighs are often heard over the expense of dresses for Commencement and other such occasions, but would it be true economy to do away with this expense by the adoption of a college uniform? We have heard of late frequent cries against the "constraint" and "lack of ease" which fetters the college woman when she enters society; it might seem that if for four years she has been accustomed to dress in a manner different from that of society, her constraint would be increased rather than lessened. If a college is a place of preparation for after life, it is wise to exclude habits foreign to that after life.

The cap and gown would give college girls a conspicuousness of questionable value; they would be marked beyond all mistaking. Truly this would be a pleasant situation, to go about, feeling our condition in life placarded to all men, by our garments.

Another point to be considered is that if this costume be chosen, there will be lost something of individuality in dress, and also the æsthetic enjoyment of colors and their harmony, which is the source of much pleasure to us. This loss would be greater than the gain from the innovation of cap and gown, if only on the ground of variety; and it may be that those who argue in favor of the cap and gown, "it would be so nice, don't you know," would find something lacking in the "niceness" after more intimate acquaintance, and would pine to be rid of the monotony of the "rusty gowns."

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

ABRIE CARTER GOODLOE '89.

A year ago, this past October, there appeared in print, a small, dainty volume having inscribed upon it "Life and Love." This little book contains no solution of these two greatest problems, but only the expression of different—and usually sad—phases of those mighty forces, as experienced by Robert Burns Wilson, Kentucky's now famous poet. The audacious title of the book is an index to the character of the author. He is a high-spirited, ambitious *man* as well as a poet, and one may say artist too, for his genius is not one but many-sided, and Art as well as Poetry claims him. Mr. Wilson is greatly interested in sculpturing also, but has achieved no great results in that direction as yet. It is as Poet that his claim to our consideration and praise is greatest.

In the quaint, social little city of Frankfort, Kentucky, Mr. Wilson makes his home and welcomes there his friends. The house shows us clearly what is the life of its master; the rooms being filled with busts and modeled figures, while on the walls hang many beautiful landscapes of his own work. Everywhere the artistic nature of the man is evident, a temperament revelling not only in the beauties of Art, but filled also with a great love for the prototype of all beauty—Nature, and like the famous poet whose name he bears he draws his chief source of inspiration from her. Let any one read "June Days," and he will be convinced that every line, every word is the expression of a deep and intelligent devotion to the beauties of nature.

It has been the fate of many poets to have to wait for the longed-for applause, until the long expectancy robs the reality of its charm, or old age has rendered them indifferent to it, or often Death cuts them off before the world awakens to the fact that a poet has lived and died unwarded and unknown. But Mr. Wilson has escaped this sad lot, and is receiving while yet very young, the encomiums of our best writers and the well-wishes of all his many friends. At thirty-three Robert Burns Wilson is known over the whole South and is beginning to be widely read in the North and East. If his fame is less sudden and sensational than some other of our Southern writers, it is much greater really, and will certainly be more enduring.

There is always something fascinating about the *personnel* of a poet—unconsciously the majority of us at least, expect something different from

the rest of humanity, and Mr. Wilson does not disappoint us in our desire to see some mark of the poet about him. There is a look of conscious power on his not very handsome face which is wonderfully attractive. He has the poet's fair skin and dreamy eyes. His curling brown hair is worn long in front and tossed upward as if he has a favorite way of running his fingers through it when thinking. With his tall, well-built figure and fine face he looks the thorough gentleman and cultured poet.

It would be very difficult to define Mr. Wilson's position in the world of letters as yet—indeed he really has his life-work before him and his claim to fame has yet to be made good—but we predict for him a future prolific of the richest literary results and honors. His friends could wish for him no better preparation for a future active literary life than he has made for himself. A free, out-door life—to which every one of his powers is indebted for its freshness and strength—a rich, independent habit of thought, a clear, strong style of writing, united at times to the most sensitive, delicate modes of expression, and above and beyond everything, that inexpressible something, the divine afflatus, all insure the certain strong and perhaps brilliant development of Mr. Wilson's genius. He has called to his aid and enlisted in his behalf the most sure inspirer of mankind—Nature. In none of his poems has that inspiration been more generous and beautiful than in that remarkable production "When Evening Cometh On." There is not a trace of the tyro's hand about it, but is the finished work of a mature artist. There are but very few poems of this age which have equalled in united perfection of sentiment and expression that effort, and if the incomparable "Elegy" could have a companion piece, it seems to us that "When Evening Cometh On" is worthy the honor.

To merely read over the title of his poems would at once show us how large a share of his thought the Nature around him occupies. "Full Summer," "A Wild Violet in November," "The Passing of March," "The Wild-Wood Anemone," "Hearts and Forest Leaves," "Departed June," "The Rose Filleth in Love with the Brook," and innumerable others are the expressions of his deep love for Nature, and his audacious familiarity with her secrets. We can hear and feel the rush of the strong, cool wind against our faces, can see the very Spirit of Winter we read

"Hot for the hopeful hill-tops—fresh and sweet;
The winds rush past the cedars' bronzed eaves,
Our woodland giants stand, with moss-clad feet
Deep-planted, on the slopes of russet leaves.

See now—the snow-flakes scud along the brae,
But sure earth's deep pulse begins to bound;
A vision moves amidst the branches gray;
Some spirit stirs within the anxious ground.

Great God!—how sickly seems the world's pretense,
Its pale polemics—false and flimsy forms;
The blast of Nature's fresh breath sweeps them hence;
Hail then—the beautiful land of rushing storms!"

Mr. Wilson has not escaped being slightly influenced by that spirit of mysticism now so popular in literature, and without knowing certainly, we venture to affirm that he is an ardent admirer of Rossetti and his school. The poem "Life and Love" which gives the volume its title, betrays this affinity of mind and sentiment, and without being exceedingly profound exacts much thought to understand it and a great deal of spirit-sympathy to appreciate it. It is the story of Life and Love, who, in the long ago, walked ever hand in hand; their transformation of the dull earth into a lovely place is beautifully told.

"Life lifted up the flowers throughout the land
By woodland, slope and pen;
Love stooped and touched them with her glowing hand,
And they have bloomed since then.

And journeying thus, at length they found a child,
New-risen from the sod;
Life frowned, and said, 'He is a beast.' Love smiled,
And said, 'He is a God!'"

Then discontent came between them and henceforth Life and Love were separated, the child walking between, and Death following unseen. Both Life and Love offered him gifts, and to Life, whose prize was fame, he surrendered heart and mind, but to gentle Love, for the rest she promised, he gave his soul. Soon Life wearied of her charge and "shook her fair hand free," then Death came up and bore away the child, but his soul followed Love.

"And still she lives, whose dear, divine control
Nor Life nor Death can sever;
And journeying still, the imprisoned soul
Goeth on with Love forever."

This same quality of mystic thought is found in other of his poems, as in "The Child and the Brook," "My Life and I," "Would Eve Return?"

But it is not our purpose to attempt a discussion of Mr. Wilson's work which has so much that is powerful and beautiful that it seems ungracious to complain of him that he sometimes chooses subjects too trivial for his talents. With our poet it is usually the treatment rather than the theme which is so attractive. It is always the sweet, mysterious thought which makes the song so perfect; a startling, bizarre dress for the ideas is never resorted to as a means of attracting attention. It is this perfect freedom from straining after effect which is one of the surest indications of Mr. Wilson's true literary strength and a sign that he is certain of his own powers and knows how to use and develop them.

When Evening Cometh On.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

When evening cometh on,
Slower and statelier in the mellowing sky
The fane-like, purple-shadowed clouds arise
Cooler and balmy doth the soft wind sigh;
Lovelier, lonelier to our wondering eyes
The softening landscape seems. The swallows fly
Swift through the radiant vault; the field-lark cries
His thrilling, sweet farewell; and twilight bands
Of misty silence cross the far-off lands

When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Deeper and dreamier grows the slumbering dell,
Darker and drearier spreads the bristling wold,
Bluer and heavier roll the hills that swell
In moveless waves against the shimmering gold.
Out from their haunts the insect hordes that dwell
Unseen by day, come thronging forth to hold
Their fleeting hour of revel, and by the pool
Soft pipings rise up from the grasses cool,

When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Along their well known paths with heavier tread
The sad-eyed, loitering kine murred return;
The peaceful sheep, by unseen shepherds led,
Wend bleating to the hills, so well they learn
Where Nature's hand their wholesome couch hath spread;
And through the purpling mist the moon doth yearn,
Pale gentle radiance, dear recurring dream,
Soft with the falling dews falls thy soft beam,

When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Loosed from the day's long toil, the clanking teams,
With halting steps, pass on their jostling ways,
Their gearings glinted by the waning beams;
Close by their heels the faithful collic strays;
All slowly fading in a land of dreams,
Trausfigured specters of the shrouding haze,
Thus from life's field the heart's fond hope doth fade
Thus doth the weary spirit seek the shade,

When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Across the dotted fields of gathered grain
The soul of summer breaths a deep repose,
Mysterious murmurings mingle on the plain,
And from the blurred and blended brake there flows
The undulating echoes of some strain
Once heard in paradise, perchance—who knows?
But now the whispering memory sadly strays
Along the dim rows of the rustling maize

When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
And there spreads upon the lingering air
The musk of weedy slopes and grasses dank,

And odors from far fields, unseen but fair,
With scent of flowers from many a shadowy bank.
O lost Elysium, art thou hiding there?
Flows yet the crystal stream whereof I drank?
Ah wild-eyed Memory, fly from night's despair;
Thy strong wings droop with heavier weight of care
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
No sounding phrase can set the heart at rest.
The settling gloom that creeps by wood and stream,
The bars that lie along the smoldering west,
The tall and lonely silent trees that seem
To mock the groaning earth, and turn to jest
This wavering flame, this agonizing dream,
All, all bring sorrow as the clouds bring rain,
And ever more life's struggle seemeth vain
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Anear doth life stand by the great unknown.
In darkness reaching out her sentient hands;
Philosophies and creeds, alike, are thrown
Beneath her feet, and questioning she stands,
Close on the brink, unfearing and alone,
And lists the dull wave breaking on the sands;
Albeit her thoughtful eyes are filled with tears,
So lonely and so sad the sounds she hears
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Vain seems the world, and vainer wise men's thought.
All colors vanish when the sun goeth down.
Fame's purple mantle some proud soul hath caught
No better seems than doth the earth-stained gown
Worn by Content. All names shall be forgot.
Death plucks the stars to deck his sable crown.
The fair enchantment of the golden day
Far through the vale of shadows melts away
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on
Love, only Love, can stay the sinking soul,
And smooth thought's racking fever from the brow.
The wounded heart Love only can console.
Whatever brings a balm for sorrow now,
So must it be while this vexed earth shall roll;
Take then the portion which the gods allow.
Dear heart, may I at last on thy warm breast
Sink to forgetfulness and silent rest
When evening cometh on.

Rare Books.

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Columbia College is fortunate in the possession of one of the finest reference libraries in the world. Ever since the college left its old downtown home and settled in Forty-ninth street there has been a library connected with it. In 1883 Professor Melvil Dewey began his labors as chief librarian, and efficiently backed by President F. A. P. Barnard, the library developed into its present proportions and great usefulness for reference. There are at present about eighty-seven thousand volumes, besides about thirty thousand pamphlets, in the library, the majority of which are open to the inspection of visiting readers. The books are catalogued by subject, title and author upon cards which are arranged in a case in the middle of the library hall, so that all may consult them with ease, and the books themselves are placed in shelves and alcoves, so that each may be taken out at pleasure without consulting the librarians. There are a number of pages who are present to assist the readers in finding the books they desire.

Few of the readers, however, are aware of the large number of rare and costly books which belong to the college, and which were presented to it by Mr. Phoenix. They are carefully locked up in a closet in the chief librarian's room, although Professor Dewey intends to have them placed in glass cases and put in the large reading-room.

The greatest curiosity, perhaps, is a copy of the first folio of Shakespeare, printed in 1623. There are but few duplicates in America, and its price is estimated at from \$2500 to \$3500. Mr. Furness, the author of the "Variorum Shakespeare," considers it the finest in the country. Two variations of the first edition of "Paradise Lost," printed in 1669, are also of considerable value. Then there is a copy of the first directory of New York, printed in 1786. There is only one other copy in existence, which is owned by the New York Historical Society.

The oldest book in the library is one written by St. Chrysostom, and printed by Zell in 1467. Next in date to this is one of Caxton's prints, dated 1489. The third in age is a volume from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, 1473. A first edition of "Herodotus," published by Aldus, at Venice, in 1502, and the first five editions of "Walton's Complete Angler," published between 1656 and 1673, are of great interest. Among the books remarkable for their beauty of print and binding may be mentioned an edition of Horace of 1727, and also one of Grolier's volumes. Several interesting manuscripts, among them the original manuscript of Southey's "Madoc" and a number of Chatterton's poems are locked up among other rarities.

The library is, of course, for the particular use of the students of Columbia College, but is open to any one who wishes to consult the books, and outsiders are allowed to draw books for home reading when they are known or bring proper letters of introduction. The college is rightly proud of her library, and at the last meeting of the board of trustees over \$15,000 was appropriated for the purchase of new books.

A True Solution of the Weather Problem.

DELIA W. LYMAN, STUDENT AT WELLESLEY '76-'78.

Old Father Time was nodding on his throne; his scythe hung listlessly from one hand, and in the other his hour-glass was so carelessly held that the sands scarcely ran.

Into his throne room opened an enormously long hall, known as "Father Time's Waiting Room," where, just at that moment were standing, lounging or sitting three hundred and twenty-three persons, in a long, irregular line, one after the other.

To be strictly accurate, two of the three hundred and twenty-three were neither standing, sitting or lounging, for they were engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter, each striving to drive the other from the line.

The noise at last became so great as to entirely drown the day's regular breathing sound which Father Time was wont to emit when sleeping, and, finally, even to awaken the old gentleman himself.

In a great rage, he grasped firmly his scythe, and hurried as fast as his infirm limbs could carry him to the Waiting-Room, leaving behind him at each step great foot-prints on the Sands of Time with which the floor of the room was neatly sprinkled.

"Just as I thought," he growled. "The old story, 'February Twenty-Ninth trying to get in ahead of March First! Oh, you rascal!' continued he, shaking his scythe in the face of February Twenty-Ninth, 'you give me more trouble than all the rest of the Days put together. Get out of here this instant, and stay where you belong till your turn comes to fall in line, which you well know is once in four years, and I wish it were only once in a hundred, for all the trouble you make me.'"

At a gesture which accompanied these words, March First, a blustering, rough sort of man, with a face like a lion, triumphantly resumed his place in the line, and little February Twenty-Ninth, the most mischievous imp ever created, stole away with a wicked leer, as if to say:

"Look out, old fellow; I'll have my revenge yet!"

Father Time then resumed his seat on the throne, and continued his daily task of inspecting the condition of each Day, as its turn came to appear before him and advance through the great portal which led from the throne room to the great world of men.

In the meantime February Twenty-Ninth, who now for three successive years had been prevented from joining in the great procession, nursed his wrath at this latest rebuff from Father Time and vowed vengeance.

He soon managed to get a word with his three boon companions, April First, March Seventeenth, or Patrick, as he was more often called, and July Fourth. This trio was a real terror wherever it appeared.

April First was a silly, big, blue-eyed youth, who wore a fool's cap, and was always playing the most stupid jokes; March Seventeenth, a great, rough, clumsy rowdy, with a green sash across from one shoulder,

and a large umbrella in his hand, and who created an uproar wherever he went.

The two together, however, were not nearly as disagreeable as July Fourth—a boisterous, red-faced fellow, whose voice was like a cannon, whose every word snapped out like a fire-cracker, and whose every step seemed to tread upon torpedoes. Every hair on his rough, unkempt head stuck straight up like a sky-rocket, and his eyes were as round and sparkling as two pin-wheels. He always went around clicking a pistol at every one he met, and was altogether a most noisy and disagreeable fellow, except in the eyes of his three boon companions already mentioned.

When February Twenty-Ninth had told his tale of wrongs and unjust treatment at the hands of Father Time, the three swore to assist him in his revenge, and the plan finally concocted was sufficiently outrageous and impudent to assist even them.

It was this—to make Father Time tipsy, and then in the confusion sure to result in the order of the procession, February Twenty-Ninth was, if possible, to slip into line, but if not, there would at any rate be fun enough to pay.

It is not necessary to insert the details of the working up of this plan, the preparation of the decoction, etc., for are they not all written in the great Biography of Father Time, by his clerks, the Calendars, the Almanacs, and the Clocks, who keep a minute record of all that concerns him?

Suffice it to say the time agreed upon for the execution of the plan was two days later than that on which this tale opened—namely, when it was St. Valentine's Days turn to appear before Father Time.

Now every Day in the year knew that Father Time was decidedly bewitched by St. Valentine's Day, and she was, indeed, a most charming young maiden, with a certain coyness and air of mystery about her which added greatly to her fascinations. The quartette calculated (and rightly) that just after her departure Father Time would be quite oblivious of the world and absorbed in feelings of regret.

Accordingly, just at the right moment, after St. Valentine's Day had disappeared through the great portal, and when Father Time sat nursing in a very lackadaisical manner (for "there's no fool like an old fool," you know), April First handed him the inebriating draught, which, in an absent minded manner, and to the great joy of the quartette, he immediately drank to the very dregs.

July Fourth kept up such a clatter that February Twenty-Ninth's roars of laughter were quite unnoticed by the other most exemplary and well-behaved Days in the Waiting-Room.

In a short time the draught took effect, and Father Time staggered from his throne, turning his hour-glass rapidly up and down and swearing by all the signs of the Zodiac that he would now have some fun.

When he proceeded into the Waiting Room and his eye fell upon the long line of Days waiting their turn to advance, he declared in a loud voice that he was just tired to death of seeing them always standing just so, and he was going to mix them up so they should be more sociable and not so ridiculously exclusive!

"Come here, May Twenty-Eighth!" called he, "stand next to February Fifteenth! February Sixteenth, you go next back of April Twenty-Fifth! Here you, Birthington's Washday, you step in between March Nineteenth and Twentieth!"

And so he continued, putting June Twenty-First, the tallest girl in all the year, right next to April Second, who was always in a flood of tears. He slipped February Seventeenth, a raw, blistering clothopper, with no manners at all, next in front of April Fifth, who smiled and frowned with every alternate movement. October Twelfth, a hale and hearty young fellow, and February Eighteenth, a snowy-haired old man, were put side by side after August Thirteenth, a poor over-heated woman, with a face as red as a peony. November Third and Fourth, two cheerless, scantily clad youths, he shoved back by September Second. July Twenty-Third, Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth, three lusty damsels, he took bodily and planted squarely between September Tenth and Eleventh. December Twenty-First, the shortest little fellow in the whole year, was set immediately back of November Eleventh. When old Father Time's eye fell upon December Twenty-Fifth, he scowled and asked her why she looked so solemn. When she said it was because this year she was going to be a Sunday and that people did not like Christmas to be a Sunday, he told her if she did not stop complaining he should put her out with February Twenty-Ninth and would only let her appear once in four years.

Father Time then concluded his mad folly by selecting a day from every month in the whole line and putting them in between April Ninth and April Tenth. He then caught sight of February Twenty-Ninth grinning delightedly around a corner, and trying to dodge in behind February Twenty-Eighth, and summarily gave him a cuff right out into the middle of next year, where, to be sure, he really belonged.

Then, and not till then, did Father Time return to his throne to sleep off the effects of his wild spree.

In the meantime the great portal opened just as usual, and each Day passed out in the mad order arranged by Father Time.

February Twenty-Ninth, undaunted as usual, selected a nice, comfortable spot in the middle of next year from which he had a capital view of all that occurred in the world of men. And there he sat and laughed until the tears ran down his face to see the result of his mischievous plan.

First comes a day in February, then one in June; then a day in March followed by one in September, and so on.

He heard the people talking to one another about the extraordinary changes in the weather, and venting their complaints on the newspaper weather reports, the comets, the clerk of the weather, the spots on the sun, and other equally innocent causes.

But all the time February Twenty-Ninth knew the key to the mystery, and the more he looked the more he laughed; and as Father Time has apparently not yet arranged the procession right again, for all I know he is looking and laughing still from his comfortable look-out in the middle of next year.—*The Independent*, '86.

New Year's Days.

LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

No Advent chimes ring loud and clear
When dawns our newest, happiest year;
No church-tower marks with solemn face
When our dead years have run their race;
No sign he sees, no sound he hears,
Whose soul doth stand between the years.

When loyal hearts unflinching say,
" 'Tis thine to choose, mine to obey;"
When steadfast faith undimmed can see
A thought unkind can never be
The thought of God to those His love
By ways they have not known would prove;

When love her wrongs may not requite,
Lest she should lose her heavenlier right
To be forgiven as she forgave,
Of whom she would forgiveness crave
In winter's white or summer's blue,
Begins a year both glad and new.

Dear heart! God send or weal or woe,
If, sending, He shall bless thee so;
Till Time for thee his wings shall fold
O'er old years new and new years old,
May He whose hands the ages sway
Make every day thy New Year's Day!

S. S. Times, '87.

To The New Year.

JOSEPHINE A. CASS.

Fair, white-robed child, that lingerest at the door,
And yieldst to the passing black-poll'd bier
Where lies the body of the dead Old Year;
Fearless, pass thou the waiting threshold o'er!
Thy welcome is assured. Whate'er the store
Of joyous hours thou bringest, what the drear
And desolate days of grief, have thou no fear!
If undreamed blessings in our cups thou pour,
Or if thou come to make our hearts full sore,
By taking from them what they hold most dear,
We welcome thee; heaven-sent thou standest here.
God thought thee in his mind the worlds before
Thou comest, new create, immortal guest,
To obey a loving Father's wise behest!

—*Boston Transcript*.

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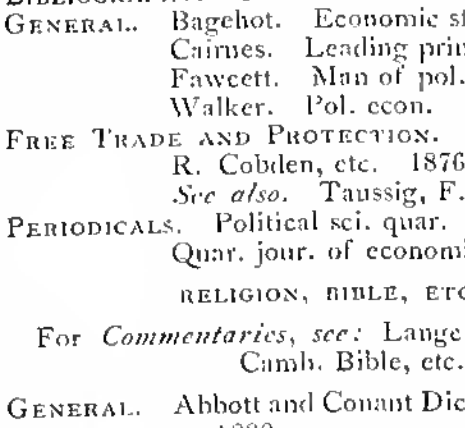
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